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The Spectator
HAMILTON COLLEGE

Volume 1; Number 21 | CLINTON, NEW YORK | Friday, May 7, 1948

CLASSMATE OF IVES TO SUCCEED PRESIDENT RUDD

Local Students Call Conference

On May 4-5, a conference was held on the Hill to discuss the recent proposal of the New York State Board of Education to outlaw all intercollegiate conferences. The conference was attended by delegates from fourteen New York State colleges and universities, and by seven men from the University of Wyoming who were passing through Utica on their way to a student-government meeting at Vassar.

At 10:00 A. M. on Monday, the conference convened on the fourth floor of the Infirmary. The Hamilton delegation set off the fireworks in impassioned support of the proposal to forbid conferences. In rapid fire succession, Thomas Rusher, Robinson Enhardt, and Fulton Trances took the floor and vividly described the acute hunger prevailing on foreign campuses and the danger of uprooting old school ties.

In response, a bloc of Union-Colgate-Albany State Teachers' College representatives clamorously rose to debate the Hamilton delegation's assertions, but the chair recognized a burly citizen of Wyoming. "May I inquire," he said, his stentorian tones filling the Chapel and pouring out over the green New York State countryside, "why a conference should be called to decide this matter of a no-conference ruling? Aren't the two mutually contradictory?"

Rusher sprang to his feet. "Exactly!" he shouted nervously. "That's our case exactly." The conference was threatened with some hopeless confusion at this point, but Trances, stationed at the door, took charge of the situation. Seizing the tremendous westerner, he wrenched his arm behind his back and threw him out onto the green lawn before the Chapel.

In supporting Rusher's and Erhardt's position that if extra-curricular activities were forbidden, there would be no need for conferences, Francis stated repeatedly Wednesday afternoon, "Extra-curricular activities cause me to neglect my athletic potentialities."

The conference broke up suddenly on Wednesday evening without reaching a decision.

Choir Serenades Pebble Hill School

The Choir, singing in Syracuse's Museum of Antique Relics, presented its final formal concert of the year before an estimated 1500 loyal alumni last Friday evening. The concert was sponsored by the Mothers' Club of the Pebble Hill School, an important feeder to Hamilton's freshman classes.

Prof. Barry N. Shoot directed the singers through their usual repertoire. The program, which was performed with the usual amount of success, closed with a tearful rendition of "Carissima". Also featured were the rich solo voices of Merwin Geffoon and Alan Shephard. Most of the singers were crowded behind the heavy velvet hangings on the stage, and the audience responded appreciatively. Commenting on the program afterward, Prof. Shoot said "It was simply lovely!"

Alex Dumbrovski, Noted "Politico", To Lecture on Hill

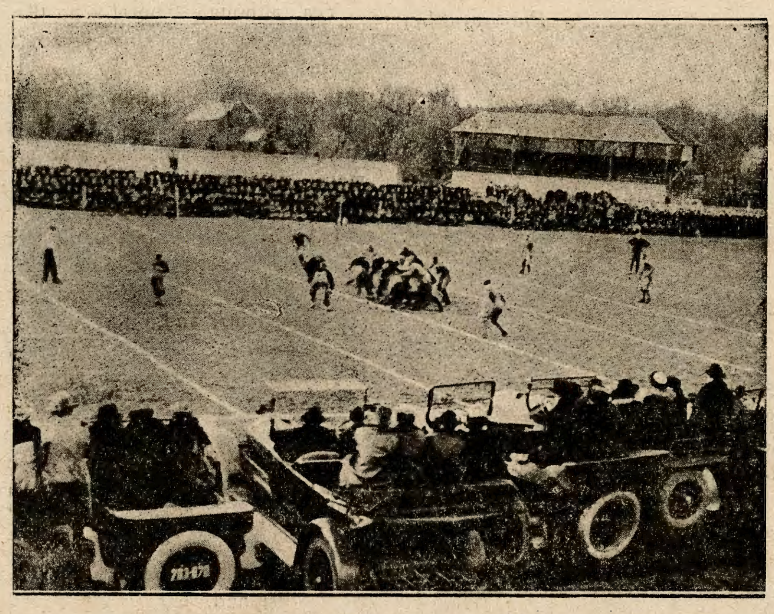
Allesandro L'Ankler, founder of the national Young Bolshevik movement and moving force behind the Hamilton group, announced on Thursday that Alex Dumbrovski, candidate for the presidency of the Young Bolsheviks of America, will address the Hill political organization on the topic, "Revolution and Its Place in a Small Liberal Arts College." Dumbrovski, whose personal safety has been carefully watched since the attempted assassination of Walter Reuther recently, will travel to Hamilton from New York on Monday in a special train given him by the Alumni of Hamilton College as a token of their support in the coming election.

Accepting the gift, Dumbrovski stated, "It touches me deeply to find that so many people, no matter how poor they may be or how little they can contribute, are willing to give in support of true liberalism and democracy." He went on to say, "Few people realize that the present world situation is really not serious. It has been created artificially by interested business concerns and high government officials who stand to gain by the continuance of a 'threat' to the peace. In actuality, the so-called 'Iron Curtain' does not exist. I know; I have crossed it myself many times."

According to L'Ankler, "The original invitation to Alexei Dumbrovski to speak before the Hamilton Young Bolsheviks was strongly contested by several prominent members of the group, led by Thomas Rusher. They felt that he holds a position in American politics too far to the right. But we finally asked him in order to hear the other side of the story, the side represented by reactionaries still mentally in line with decadent nineteenth century thought."

"The fact," he continued, "that Dumbrovski has contacted us several times in the past in an attempt to gain our support also influenced the decision to hear what he has to say."

Hamilton 14 *Columbia 7*



Hilhopper smashes Lions' line in classic upset.

DATE LISTS

Due to circumstances beyond the control of The Spectator, the student body, President Rudd, and the Board of Trustees, the usual list of house-party dates will not be published in this issue. Wells is about to begin examinations. Vassar is following suit. Smith girls are going to either Princeton or the Green Key weekend at Dartmouth. Knox girls are not allowed to leave the campus during the month of May. The faculty of Colby Jr. College are investigating the presence of alcohol within the sacred ivy-clad portals, and few Colbyites expect to escape the purge. Skidmore girls are still recuperating from last weekend's houseparty at Colgate. The Spectator finds itself with five lists of dates from each house, all conflicting. Since a majority of the student body do not know who their dates will be, The Spectator doesn't either.

It's not too late to wire flowers, candy, or lingerie to Mother for Mother's Day, next Sunday, May 9.

Vital Staff Meeting Called by Station For This Evening

An important meeting of all former WHC staff members will take place in the studios in the basement of Root Hall at eight o'clock tonight. According to ex-station manager Carter Knight, the group will check over the present idle equipment. He encouraged the bringing of dates.

Staff members plan to conduct an intensive test of all radio equipment. The relationship between the power output stage and the loudspeaker will be carefully checked. Biasing, by-passing and decoupling units will be tested for fidelity, distortion and negative feedback. Volume expansion and compression will be compared for recordings, pickups, and microphones. The design of low-loss inductances and impedances will be verified in all cuned circuits.

The meeting will be terminated in the usual manner—a rendition of the station theme song, "Off We Go into the Wild Blue Yonder", by the Frequency Five.

HOUSEPARTY CALENDAR

WEDNESDAY, MAY 5

1800 Dick Lighthall dusts off Fowlerup trophy in preparation for houseparty couch-soccer season.

2000 Squires complete distillery in Fergusons' apartment. Geetchmobile is embalmed with first batch.

THURSDAY, MAY 6

1530 Lighthall and Silky Hopps conduct proficiency exam to pick squad for weekend's intercollegiate competition.

1532 Wellin flunks.

2200 Jim Ferguson finally passes.

FRIDAY, MAY 7

0800 Corbett leads whiskey sour contingent to Jimmy Burns.

0934 Beldin ties Hartford in closet for weekend. Hartford ties closet on his back.

1000 Tom Gregory holds goat meeting in cellar well. Esmond protests.

1054 Elton dons double-breasted loin cloth. Swings off to Root's Glen in search of mate.

1139 Si U's sweep out stables. Earl Williamson's sportsmen refuse to move from No. 4.

1200 Lighthall serves training meal. Squad consumes 1,956 green olives. Washes them down with 31 gallons of eggnog.

1437 Don Ghent and Ants DiGregorio leave to pick up dates.

1438 Don Ghent returns with date. Ants draws the duty.

1600 Paul Randall and his four wheels run taxi service up Hill. 2½ girls pile out at Chi Psi.

1853 Von Thurn conducts Vespers from the Arbor. Opens with **Bringing in the Sheaves.**

2000 Mugger gets Twomey for 67 cents. Brooks laughs.

2003 Mugger gets Brooks for 68 cents. Twomey laughs.

2004 Twomey and Brooks sell party dates. Shepper gets shortchanged.

2330 Hanmer and date finish 29th volume.

2400 Lighthall breaks bottle of Petrolatum over Senator MacCabe's head. Competition begins.

SATURDAY, MAY 8

0231 Willie Hinds breaks out oil-can. Commences his earthy function.

0500 First team exhausted. J. V.'s fill breach.

1000 Pat Lee calls from Oneida Watchworks. Tells Ben Lake that is date is in the bag.

(Continued on Page 6)

Trustees Appoint Famous Alumnus

President Thomas B. Rudd, in a special statement to **The Spectator,** announced early today that the long awaited appointment of Hamilton's next president has been made. He is Dr. Murray Arkwright Hilhopper, '19, classmate of Senator Irving M. Ives and present head of the Benedict Arnold Military Academy of Culpepper, Maine.

In his statement, Mr. Rudd said, "Hilhopper's appointment assures Hamilton College of a strong, able liberal leader. His past record shows that he is fully capable of handling the complex problems — psychological, administrative, and financial — of a college presidency."

" At Ben Arnold," continued Mr. Rudd, "he demonstrated the progressive spirit which is his outstanding trait by his immediate abolition of the manual of arms and close-order drill requirements."

Active During Undergraduate Days On Hill

The pages of **Hamilton Life,** predecessor of **The Spectator,** show that Mr. Hilhpoper led an exceedingly active life as a Hamilton undergraduate. Among his accomplishments may be recorded the two touchdowns in Hamilton's 14-7 football victory over Columbia University in October of 1916, the founding of the Hamilton Union in the same month after a half-hour speech to convince the assembled Trustees of its need, arrangements for the 2500-mile tour taken by the combined Hamilton College Music Clubs in the spring of the same year.

An effective orator, he missed competing in the annual McKinney Prize Debate of 1919 because of an attack of appendicitis which kept him out of classes for three months during the last semester of his senior year.

At the end of his junior year in the spring of 1918 he rejected a bid to join Pentagon with the statement, "I hardly feel worthy of such an honor. Being a member of the senior honorary society requires outstanding qualities of leadership and idealism. There are better men than I who should be chosen."

Record in Public Life Outstanding

After his graduation from Hamilton, Hilhopper attended the Harvard Graduate School of Law and Teachers' College at Columbia, obtaining both LL. D and Ed. D. by the spring of 1923. He taught philosophy and mathematics at UCLA from 1924 to 1930, turning down an offer of the Departmental Chairmanship in Anthropology at that school to go to Ben Arnold in June of 1930.

Alexander Woollcott said of Hilhopper in 1930, "He possesses the finest literary mind in America today. His sense of literary criticism is unerring."

Stated the Hon. Elihu Root a year later, "Although Hilhopper is a Democrat, I can truthfully say there is no finer person claiming the distinction of a Hamilton degree."

The Spectator
HAMILTON COLLEGE

A newspaper published by students to serve the undergraduate body of Hamilton College, Clinton, New York.

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Steeped In Tradition

When news of Murray Arkwright Hilhopper's appointment to the Presidency of Hamilton College reached *The Spectator* this afternoon just before the paper went to press, there was considerable speculation as to what students and faculty here had to look forward to. *The Culpepper Maine Daily Blast* has summed this up about as well as any newspaper could — "Ben Arnold's loss is Hamilton's gain."

One student's reaction to the appointment indicated that he feared a military machine on the campus. A similar thought was expressed by another who said, "Although I don't picture myself an Indian in the true sense of the word, I shouldn't be surprised if we return to the 1812 days." These early speculations were made on no further evidence, however, than that Mr. Hilhopper plans to increase the facilities of Kirkland Cottage.

Faculty reaction to the new president was aimed in another direction — many of them saw in the abolishment of the manual of arms and close order drill at Benedict Arnold Academy an analogous situation here in the possible elimination of such requirements as the language preficiency, compulsory Chapel, and public speaking. Press interviews with Mr. Hilhopper in which he disclosed that the only thing in which he will be interested his first year here will be the replacement of Silliman Hall indicated clearly that curriculum changes were not his immediate concern.

Mr. Hilhopper's undying modesty has prevented the publication of any sort of biographical material on him, so we must resort to what was said about him here as an undergraduate for pre-appearance information. His sincere interest in the buildings on this campus points out clearly that Hamilton will be first in his mind now as it was thirty years ago. A renowned athlete and nationally famous debater during his college days, Mr. Hilhopper stands for tradition — in his own words — "I'm steeped in tradition." When asked by one reporter how traditional can we get, Mr. Hilhopper made no reply.

Two-Timed?

A careful check of the lists of dates submitted to the Dean's Office this week revealed that a startlingly small number of local girls are going to be on the campus for Spring Houseparty Weekend. The editors could draw only two conclusions about such a situation — that local girls have not been invited or that they have preferred to stay away of their own accord.

Further investigation pointed out that the former supposition was correct, and in the interests of the unfortunates who are missing this last big social event of the year, *The Spectator* chooses to expose the infidelity of the men on this campus, hoping that in the future the girls themselves will take action against these outrageous insults.

Every normal weekend numbers of local girls visit the Hill and despite a customary boring time, they are trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent. Then, when a good weekend comes along, they are avoided like the plague and in their place we find absolute foreigners to this environment, some of whom have the audacity to complain about the weather.

Girls of Clinton, Utica, and surroundings, *The Spectator* backs you up in boycotting this hilltop. Now is the time to act — call forth your leaders — station your guards — prepare to isosolate this place as it has never been isolated before. Only by your concerted efforts will you answer the unmentionable injustice being done you.

Letters to the Editor

TO THE GENTLEMEN
OF HAMILTON:

It has been the custom at Hamilton College for—yea, one dare not even think how long—for quite some time, in any case, for the fine old monastic tradition of this institution to be tainted and even cast aside at certain times of the year. Indeed, at the alarming rate of three weekends out of each academic year is all seclusive propriety extirpated by an otherwise gentlemanly assemblage of men! By what abandonment of reason this practice has been allowed to evolve one cannot imagine; clearly, this stercoration must now be brought to a stridulating terminus.

Yea, although Those Who Know may seek to defend this corrupt tradition, it is eminently apparent that the tri-annual relaxation of Hamilton's solemn sobriety is in every respect a dreadful situation. The arguments against the continuance of said occasions are obvious:

(1) Fiscally and temporally these celebrations constitute frigha, burdens upon their male participants; and,

(2) Operators of local jitneys invariably accumulate large fortunes during the festive seasons, at the expense of desperate, frolicking scholars; and

(3) The sonority of our academic mastersingers has always been notoriously impaired at the culmination of said jubilees; and,

(4) The necessity of obtaining chaperones for these holidays has always been, to the protagonists of said affairs, a malaise in the dorsal region.

The perspicuous solution to this problem is not to do away with the tri-annual revelries, but rather, to make them permanent in character by making it feasible for portions of America's young womanhood to matriculate at this institution. This must soon be accomplished, that the academic nephalism of this 160-acre wooded park be not periodically disturbed in future years. Gentlemen of Hamilton, awake! For, as the soothsayer has observed, "Dis could lead to ulcers."

R. G. Johnson

Dear Sir:

Although **The Spectator** has several columns that review assorted artistic endeavors, I feel that it is my academic duty to call the attention of the reading public to a recent book, ignored by your columnists for some unknown reason, written by J. B. Hanley in collaboration with several research workers.

This book, although written in a highly scientific style, appeals strongly to the lay mind, and should lead to a great deal of thought and action, particularly in these trying times. From the very first line, Hanley brings the reader up with a jerk, and thus accomplishes his primary purpose of 'giving us pause.' It stimulates a variety of emotions, depending on the reader's interests as pertaining to the subject matter, and it will, I believe, provoke an exhausting emotional experience.

Mr. Hanley has, in almost every case, uncovered his subject so completely that the reader's confusion is speedily removed and the end brought clearly into view.

It must be noted that one of the elements which add to the lay interest in this book is the series of magnificent illustrations by Charles McCann. These sketches clarify some of the more difficult technical points involved in Mr. Hanley's discussion.

The persons from whom the author has obtained much of his data are authorities in their field, and their weight has added many interesting items to the book.

I solicit the cooperation of **The Spectator** in publicizing one of the most significant literary works of the twentieth century: **Let's Make Mary.**

Dwight H. Carter, Jr.

Jazz Notes

By W. A. Robbins

I SAW BIX'S NOSE BLEED!

Don't believe that upstart, Snotty McSneigel! It was not he, but I, Bolden K. Oliver, who was in the studio at the time. Snotty was down on the Street listening to Dizzy.

How well I remember the momentous day!

After a half-hour's work, I had dug through the snow to the door, and it was flung open by Elton Francis. A large smile graced his lips as he whispered, "You're just in time! Berrian Shute's Creole Jazz Band is recording five sides this afternoon!" Silently, I followed his gaunt figure down the stairs to the studio.

It was a mixed band — Bix on cornet of course, Norm Lewis on valve trombone, Dave Wilder on whistle, kazoo, and woodblocks, Hank Smith on clarinet and bells, and a torrid rhythm section made up of Tom Johnston on washboard, Johnny Baldwin at the rickety upright, and "King" Mattingly on drums. Berrian stood in front of them waving his arms with the beat. As I entered the studio, Bix was driving the men through a stampede version of the New Orleans Classic, "Grandpa's Celebrating the Fourth with a Fifth, Stomp-Blues-Rag-March." They finished the double-ending and Bix had a beatific grin on his face, but the last chorus had been too much for him and his nose started to drip blood!

The studio became a houseparty of confusion! Men were running this way and that, Miss Schimmel grabbed some aspirin and took two, and Pete Falk fainted in ecstasy. Knowing the importance of the moment, I held my handkerchief under Bix's nose and collected the precious drops of his life-blood. After two hours, the situation straightened itself out and the boys recorded some more sides. They were issued on the Gennett label, but some fool hireling mislabeled them "The Wolverines Orchestra." Listen carefully to "Fidgety Feet" and on the fourth beat of the thirteenth bar in the last chorus you can hear me sneeze.

And *the* handkerchief! Get permission to go into the Treasure Room sometime and look under the letter "B". You might be surprised.

Allegro

By Martin Murphy

Over in the library there is a recent book (circa 1906) entitled Comparative Studies in Nursery Rhymes". Now offhand I can think of no better way for you and your date to spend the coming weekend than to cuddle up with this splendid work by Lina Eckenstein. Miss Eckenstein is as you will recall the author of "Woman Under Monasticism" and believe me boys, if anybody *Knows* it's Miss Eckenstein. There have been fewer people in our time who have so consistently pursued the Higher Truths than Miss E. and I am sure you'll join me in saying that Plato would have approved.

Taking her cue in this line from C. S. Calvery (in reality S. N. Afu, the mystical poet), Eck sets out to prove that actually, the key to oneness with the universe is contained in the nursery rhyme. This may seem at first thought, a rather sweeping statement. But wait — Lina knows her onesies (not to mention her twosies). Take the tale of the Death and Burial of Cock Robin, for example. This simple children's story may very well be a contemporary, spoken paraphrase of the sculptured scene that appears on the walls of the temple of King Sety at Abydos in Egypt. This sculpture dates from the 14th century B. C.; the knell of the robin can be traced back no further than the middle of the 18th century A. D. But "can the space that lies between be bridged over?" muses Ecky. With her, we shiver to think of the portent of such a union.

And — but why go on. An evening with Steiny has made everything crystal clear for me. You and yours will be thrilled to the quick as I was so do get your copy right away. For L. Eckenstein knows as does T. S. Eliot, that many an otherwise good houseparty ends, not with a bang, but a whimper.

Odes to the Damsels

By Robert F. Brown

The Poet:

You are my enduring, penultimate mate,
Was it Kismet that brought thee? — my houseparty date!
Thine hair is sweet-scented
and verdured like pine,—
Isn't our wit so delightful?
or the blackberry wine?
O, thine eyes that were placid,
though fury consume her,
As I swim in the lake
of thine aqueous humor.
Ah, to plunge in their depths,
o, thine iris amorphous,
And to paddle that sea
like a jocular porpoise.

The Cynic:

Speak not of ye houseparty — that and the rest —
And a five-spot just gone to the Community. Chest!
Talk not of ye blind date,
such visions dispel:
"Her face isn't great — BUT
her personality's swell!"
Croak not of that monster
who rises at noon,
And spends most of her time
in the "powdering room".
Ah, well, — on with ye dance,
beat ye cymbals and tambour,
And resist not time's flux —
aren't we all "trapped in amber"?*

*"lifted" from that Hamilton classic, Don Roscher's *MY LIFE IS SUNDAY*

Pursuit of Happiness

by Elton L. Francis

Once upon a time there was a wolf named Conrad Marigold. There was little enough to be said for his character and nothing at all to be said for his intellect. Although he had, by sheer inertia, remained at Hamilton long enough to become a senior, he had seen to it that nothing at Hamilton had ever made any difference to him, because he was so busy playing the sophisticate that he had never found time to do anything else. But what else can you expect of a wolf?

Conrad Marigold kept a little red book for addresses in the top drawer of his desk. That was the only thing he did keep in his desk, except for a yellow pencil he used when putting addresses down in the little red book. One day early in April, he opened the top drawer of his desk and took out the little red book, to look for the name of a suitable houseparty date. He studied the book carefully and thought a long time, and finally thought, "Hell! There is nothing so dull as the Same Old Stuff; I'll try my fortune with a blind date."

"O no, don't do that," said his friend Sourgall, "I remember when I was in the Army I got me a blind date once; it turned out to be a female locomotive engineer from Wilmington, and there's nothing could be worse than that."

"Well,' Conrad rejoined, "If I ask Hopewell Smyles to fix me up, he'll get something pretty good. Hopewell wouldn't let me down."

"That's the way with all you wolves," said Sourgall. "You're just a lot of optimists. Don't say I didn't warn you."

That was Sourgall all over. He was always afraid someone would say he hadn't warned him. But Conrad Marigold had decided to get a blind date, and so a blind date he got. Hopewell Smyles put him in touch with a young lady in Wampsville who was eligible in every way, and so it was on Friday, May 7, 1948, our vulpine hero met Miss Hegira Northbound at Union Station in Utica, as shown above. You can see that Hegira was a personable young lady, and may well surmise that Conrad was entirely pleased with Hopewell's discrimination.

"You Marigold?" she asked, in a manner friendly yet modest.

"Yes," said Marigold.

"Well, hi!" she said. "It was simply fine of you to ask me. I've been to ever so many houseparties, of course, but never at Hamilton before. In fact, before I knew Hopewell Smyles I always confused Hamilton with Colgate. Hamilton at Clinton and Colgate at Hamilton, you konw."

Conrad Marigold opend his eyes, which he had closed, and said, "Let's go."

After loading his convertible with Hegira's innumerable rucksacks, carpetbags, Gladstones, and hat boxes, he climbed in and drove off to Clinton. He had an anxious moment when he swung for the first time into Genesee Street and the girl looked speculatively at Happy Sam's establishment; it was touch-and-go for a few seconds, but Conrad diverted her attention by asking could she light him a smoke.

When the couple arrived at the fraternity house, Smyles and Sourgall and the boys were there waiting for them literally with open arms, grinning in the neighborly fashion so characteristic of the friendly college boy.

"This is Hegira Northbound, John Sourgall," said Conrad.

"Welcome," said Sourgall sententiously, "to the Samuel Snakes Memorial Lodge."

"Hegira Northbound, you remember Hopewell Smyles."

"Hello, Hedgebabe—lemme get you a bee."

The young lady seemed rather startled by this unusual offer, until her escort explained that Smyles had expressed himself in an esoteric dialect of his own, and was in fact proposing to fetch her a glass of beer. She declined, with thanks.

The events of the next few hours need not detain us; we can pick up the thread of our story at the All-College barn dance late that evening. This was an event which Conrad attended under a certain amount of duress, but which seemed to exercise a powerful attraction for his companion, who said she wanted very much to go "for kicks". He privately thought that this indicated an unfortunate predilection for dallying with trivia and overlooking main issues, but reflected that after all it was only Friday yet, and faced the ordeal bravely. Being, like most wolves, no gentleman, he carried in a flask on his person the means of allaying the mental anguish he anticipated. His precaution, however, turned out to be a mistake.

Conrad had never before been involved in a square dance; in his sluggish consciousness the very term remained ill-defined. So, when he was faced with the necessity of learning the secret of that arcane art, he suffered not a little discomfiture. After one or two numbers had been played, and he had exerted himself to copy the revolutions of his partner, he retired from the field to pull himself together with a comforting draft from the precautionary bottle. As he stood in a corner, head thrown back, drinking, a familiar voice addressed him.

"Strike oil, Marigold?"

Conrad's reaction was nothing if not vivid. He coughed abruptly, neglecting to lower his bottle from its upturned position, and spewed whiskey in many directions. As might have been predicted, he had chosen for his libation a corner in which the Dean happened to be standing.

"Tilt!" he groaned.

The Dean spoke gently but firmly, especially firmly. "Don't you think you'd better go home? Party might get a little too much for you."

"Yes, sir. Right away."

He corked the bottle, pocketed it, and searched for Hegira. She was nowhere in sight. He scouted the room in vain, perplexed, and then went outdoors to look. There she was, talking to Hopewell Smyles.

"Oh, I know you meant well, Hopewell," she was saying, "but this is the creepiest wolf I ever was stuck with. This is my last blind date."

"Aw, Hedgebabe, have a bee. You got probs, but that's part of the game. You shoulda seen my blee dee at the last party. You gotta — oh hi, Con."

"Come on back, Hegira," said Conrad. And he meant it to sting. Torn between a wholesome wolfish desire for an old-fashioned, unrestrained party and the cold attitude of the disaffected Hegira, Conrad vascillated between frenzied overtures for rapprochement and equally frenzied resorts to the portable potables in his jacket. The result was catastrophic. By a subtle process of thought tranference, his attention centered less and less about the implacable girl at his side and more and more about the attractive contours of the undraped girl in the Botticelli over the bar. When eventually the nature of his confusion dawned on him, it was daylight, the room was deserted, and Hegira had fled.

I will draw the curtain of charity over the bootless attempts of Conrad to recapture the lost confidence of Miss Northbound next day. You see above the desperate nature of his tentatives — he took her to a baseball game — Conrad Marigold, who would have thought a shortstop is a railway terms, and a fly ball is an aeronautical device.

Eventually the persistent good will of the wolf got results. Hegira melted and agreed to prepare for the Saturday Dance. Gracefully and gaily Conrad moved about the floor with her in his arms, chattering and laughing in an effort to make up for lost time. As the hour grew later, however, the girl became absent-minded and distant once more. He determined on an audacious move.

"Hegira, let's go outside awhile. Y'ought to see the campus by night. I bet you never felt the cross currents of air between Carnegie and Truax."

For just an instant a flash of utter loathing and ennui crossed her face Then she said, "Thanks, Con, but I'd rather go back. I have to get up early tomorrow."

"Early tomorrow' Why?"

"The New York Central is closing the Wampsville roundhouse, and I have to transfer with the other brakemen, down to Wilmington. You understand. Business is business, for us working girls."

Conrad Marigold took Hegira Northbound by the hand and led her back to the Samuel Snakes Memorial Lodge by the shortest route. He bade her a curt goodnight and went down to the bar, where he picked up a fresh bottle and stowed it in his jacket. Then he headed out of the house, for the moonlight solitude of Root's Glen. He was late for Chapel that Sunday.

Are Houseparties Really Necessary

There was a time, at Hamilton College when houseparties were "all in all". Students were nowhere nearly so blase then, that the girls — blondes, brunettes, redheads, tall short, warm and vibrant, pretty, gorgeous and beautiful—were to be here, and that there were to be hundreds of them was at one time cause for considerable stirring. But no more.

A glance at houseparty publications of the past two years points up this rise and fall of enthusiasm. The first full-scale, post-war houseparty was from November second to fourth, 1946, **The Spectator** was then **Hamiltonews**—a weekly newsmagazine. The cover framed a large invitation:

Hamilton College
requests the pleasure
of your company at
Fall Houseparty
RSVP Nov.2-4

On the first page there were squibs on houses' plans for the weekend and a wondering announcement that Saturday classes were to be cancelled. Although there were several other articles, there was no other mention in that issue of the weekend.

Conviction, after this perhaps some what shaky start, that houseparties were definitely in order for the serious veteran was reflected in the 1947 Winter Carnival **Hamiltonews.** This issue was given over entirely to many-sided speculations about, schedules for and predictions of what was to come. The editorial proclaimed that the aim of the issue was to "insult, amuse you, and help you get LOST". That, according to those on Hamilton's own publications Olympus, the method left something to be desired, was quickly ascertained. The result is well known. But in this issue—perhaps the high watermark of houseparty enthusiasm—came the first of the "calendars". It burst upon a waiting world with suitable effect, and a sometimes feeble replica has been in every houseparty issue since. Also the date lists were begun. The reason is obscure.

The issue of last spring's effort was in a Victorian mode, for fear of otherwise stepping on toes. It, too, was completely devoted to the houseparty, in one way or another. It lacked the hairy chest of the Carnival issue. Here, perhaps, begins the decline in interest, when Hamilton men first started to feel that after all, houseparties weren't really so much, and that any time you want to get a look at a girl all you have to do is buy a copy of **Click.**

With the innovation of **The Spectator** in the fall, the trend toward de-emphasis continued. There are pages with nothing relating to houseparty! A new wrinkle is introduced in the section about the houseparties, however. It consists of typical houseparty shots. Those included in the fall issue were of the spring before. But in these pictures, the strained expressions of some of the men, the bored looks of others, definitely adds fuel to the theory of a creeping lethargy.

Then, the Winter Carnival issue. Here the strain shows; expressions in the pictures are pathetic. One cannot but feel that Belden, Dick, and Bernie Burns are carrying that beer into the Deke bar against their wills, that they do this only because—well—because someone, somewhere in the college, might still, God forbid, be so foolish as to want to have a date.

This **Spectator** is the second post-war spring houseparty issue. Actually, it tries to beat false life into a relic, a shell, a ghost. There is little inclination left. The wave of sentiment—a mere ripple at first, but growing stronger with every houseparty—to discontinue houseparties is now sweeping all before it. The feeling is now overwhelming that these houseparties are the only obstacle preventing wholehearted enlistment in a worthy cause—giving Hamilton back to the Indians. As such, they should go.

Snow Next Winter? Ski Team Wants It-- No One Else Does!

Although Spring and Spring Houseparty have come to Hamilton, skiing still holds the spotlight among varsity sports on the Hill. Robert Smith, last year's captain, was discovered in his North Village apartment doing gelandesprungs over stacks of books thoughtfully brought for that purpose from the library by his wife "Henny." When asked for a statement, he replied, "Spring training is going nicely. As for predictions, I can only say that there will be snow next winter."

Vandy Ward, star slalom man and captain-elect, has been keeping in practice dodging headstones in the cemetery. When asked to make a statement, he answered, "I know Freudenberger is around here somewhere."

Plans have also been put in motion to provide the team with accomplished jumpers next winter. Smith has begun construction of a wooden frame trestle beside his apartment, and men interested in jumping will have their first practice next Wednesday. Since the trestle will not be completed by that time, they will leap from the top of the Chapel, aiding at the same time in the next Was Los initiation.

Lan Potter, found practicing the songs which he describes "as so integral a part of skiing," wished to make a comment concerning Hamilton's chances next winter. After laying aside his accordion and thinking for several minutes, he stated "Freudenberger was here a minute ago."

Mother's Day Sunrise Concert To Be Presented By Glee Club

The Glee Club announced earlier this week plans for a Mother's Day Sunrise Concert — its contribution to the affairs of the current weekend. Gourmand Smythe, leader of the organization, stated that the group has a successful precedent in the "eminently popular" pre-dawn concert conducted recently by the Theta De t charge at Knox.

The program, to be effected at 7 o'clock Sunday morning, has been designed as a tribute to the mothers of students and their houseparty dates. Mr. Baldone, director of the singing group, says, "We have chosen as the site of the performance the stands at Steuben Field because the area is conveniently reached and yet far enough away not to disturb anyone who might by chance be so unfortunate as to sleep through such favorites as 'My Rosry' and 'Mother'"

"and I thought he was using a cliché!"

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Golfers Break Last Weekend's Sports Record

"We should have stayed at home." This was the way that the track, baseball, and tennis teams felt when they returned to the Hill last Sunday. The golfers, wretches that they are, broke the continuity by pushing R. P. I.'s nose in the dirt 5½-3½, but outside of their capitalistic showing, the rest of the Blue spring sport squads behaved in a truly proletariat manner. The lacrosse team had to be different, too; they took their beating at home.

The cindermen had the unfortunate experience of swallowing dirt that the Union runners kicked in their faces all afternoon, and were hosed by a 101-25 count. There were two good excuses for this debacle: first, there were several Scandinavian runners posing as Union students that the Hillmen were no match for, and second, Bob "Poetry in Motion" Clements remained obstinate, and desite all Coach Keefe's pleading, refused to wear shoes. Unfortunately, the Union track was covered with broken glass, and Clements came in second.

The smell of the New Jersey marsh gas was too much for the pastimers who went down in true Hamilton style, 12-4 before a bunch of rowdies from Stevens Tech. They also wanted to make certain of keeping the skein of Hill baseball defeats that extend back to the time when Bryan was stumping for free silver intact, and achieved their purpose in fine fashion.

The lacrosse team didn't cover itself with glory, either. Just as the Union track team must have employed Norwegian runners, the Cortland stickmen must have brought in a tribe of not too extinct Mohicans to do their dirty work.

Well, thank the Lord, we're finally coming to the end of this inglorious list of fiascoes. All that remains to be panned is tennis; but why should we, when R.P.I. did such a good job of it down in Troy. In case anybody is curious, the score was 6-3. 'Nuff said.

Sport Views

By Jack Boynton

Predictions of things to come—May 8 will be an eventful day in the lives of the members of Hamilton College's athletic teams, providing of course, Rochester, Union, and Middlebury can't make their trips. It isn't that we here atop the Hill are not sure of ourselves or anything; things just haven't been going too well thus far this season. Of course, the golf team is one exception to all this—the traitors won a game last weekend by a very safe 5½-3½ margin. After hearing about the rest of the teams, though, it will be surprising if the linksmen even bother to turn up today.

Regardless of what happened last weekend, it is hoped that everyone at Hamilton at all interested in the doings out on the courts, fields, links, or diamond—all six of you—will grab his little woman and make a beeline for the great outdoors. Now that all have received a nice suntan, there are no excuses about weather etc. Anyway, you can almost count on a good heavy rain which will probably start about ten in the morning and last until the baseball game starts at 2:30. With all those dissipated athletes beating their brains out for the glory of the Buff and Blue, it seems an absolute necessity that all men, women, children, etc. get out and watch one of the five teams in action. Ever see a team run backwards for over an hour? It takes a lot of experience.

The nine men on the baseball squad who have been designated to start the game—the rest will be cheering or making noises like a crowd anyway—are right eager to make up for that slight loss last weekend at the hands of the Stevens bunch. You know Stevens, the college in Hoboken, the gateway to the Flower State. Just follow your nose, you can't miss it. Anyway, it seems we sent a peace conference down there last weekend in the form of baseball players. Somehow there was a mixup and the debating team went instead.

Chief J. F. Hunt of the Lacrosse team will drag out his little Indians today for the third time. After checking over the Union sports schedule for this year, Mox Weber sadly found that they had a lacrosse team—that was after the arrangements for a game had been made. And we thought it was going to be easy. Providing you have a strong constitution and can stand to watch a bunch of crazy jokers run up and down the hills we proudly call a lacrosse field, don't fail to at least catch a few minutes of the game tomorrow afternoon. It promises to be a doozy (an old Hamilton saying for good). All the bloodthirsty pre-meds and some of their friends are going to venture out to the scene of the battle and watch twenty guys try to maul the living daylights out of themselves with those netted clubs which the players timidly call crosses.

For the distinct benefit of the weaker stomachs, Hamilton is going to stage a track meet. Not unusual unless you have seen the boys in action. A bunch of runners from Middlebury are going to make a most useless journey to Clinton—a town in New York state just far enough away from Utica—where they will have more fun than any time in their running history. Sorry to say that Hamilton does not have very many candidates for the Olympic track meets this summer. The mere thought of last week and the coming meet with R.P.I. to whom they lost 109 to 16 or so last season and who has just defeated Colgate, leaves the Hamilton runners wishing they had taken up something else less fruitless. For some rather unknown reason, we just ain't got a track team this year, but wait and see, things might, by some miracle, change for the better.

The tennis team has not been too bad this year—time for a build-up—and might very possibly turn in a win come tomorrow afternoon. The same goes for the divot-diggers who are one for two thus far this season. Frankly, to be fairly sure of seeing a win you better stay at the bar and prod some drunk into a drinking contest. Seriously, though, don't be too certain someone might not come though it's been known to happen—even at Hamilton.

Ruddmen Uphold Team Tradition

The buildings on College Hill aren't the only things around here that are steeped in ivy-clad tradition. There is also a tradition that Blue baseball teams just don't win games; not only this, but if the need arises, they hand them over to the opposition on a silver platter. It happened last Saturday at Stevens and again last Tuesday when the Ruddmen booted one to Utica College's nine, 7-4. It would be hard to place the blame directly on any one department of the squad, as all of them played the villain's role at one time or another during the fiasco. The infield made something like eight errors, apparently dreaming of their houseparty dates while the batters from the Pent-up City were greedily bashing the pill over, through, and around them. This was surprising, too, as this foursome is capable of some good ball once they settle down and put their collective minds to it. But if one of them starts to blow, the other three usually chime in. The hitting wasn't too bad, Belden laid one in the "fourteenth row" in the first inning, and, some of the other stickers came through, but it was too little and too late, as Churchill or somebody once said.

Mox Weber's gang of racquet wielders broke in the win column, however, to keep the day from being a complete loss by hanging one on the chin of the Utica netmen, 6-3.

The golf team fell to Mohawk 21-7 the strange Utica course bothered them, and they weren't able to find their way back home until Wednesday chapel.

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To be admitted to the school, an applicant must have been expelled from at least two accredited colleges or universities and must submit to the Board of Admissions a 3000 word dissertation on "Decorum at House-parties". The latter requirement is included so that the administration can ascertain whether or not the applicant has had adequate preparation for the arduous courses of instruction prescribed in the 20,000 page catalogue. The ability to read and write is desirous but not essential.

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Calendar (Cont'd) . . .

1200 Jimmy Burns raises price of whisky sours. Tucker can't find dime, breaks quarter.

1430 BASEBALL, Hamilton vs. Rochester.
Spider Nadal gavottes to the hot corner.

1500 TRACK MEET, Hamilton vs. Middlebury.
Lighthall wins broadjump. Takes lead in competition.

1745 Oweny begins his search for toe nail parings. First efforts prove lean.

1900 Sigs bury Geetchmobe at sunset. Bard Osborn wipes away tears, delivers heart-rending elegy.

2008 J. Pinckney Torpats overtakes the nearest competitor, polevaults into the lead.

2149 Sullivan bungles again.

2220 Two Theta Delt freshmen register at Knox School. Moore's A-men close in.

2332 Chip Close eats first batch of corn, General Burton immediately widens pickets on fence.

2400 Lighthall's squad reduced to five. Luers falters under pressure.

SUNDAY, MAY 9

0350 Hoyt Harmon gets a date. Plays organ before select group in Chapel.

0600 Ammerman snows date with tale of recent wounds.

1000 Dekes fool everyone. Mop beer off Pine Room floor.

1200 Eat, drink, what the hell, have DRINNER.

1430 Lighthall ascends Chapel steps. Crowd quickly gathers.

1435 Lighthall motions to the rear of the crowd. Crowd turns to stare.

1438 Lighthall awards Fowlerup trophy to Gil Prentis. Prentis accepts graciously, bows, and then shoots for Carnegie.

1600 Go home, we're tired!

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